

The Cat's-Foot:

O R, A

DIALOGUE between *Harris* and *Patfil*.

Harris. **O** H, Brother *Patfil*, we are all undone!

Patfil. How so, Brother *Harris*?

H. We have lost our Election, and I'm afraid we shall lose our Darling Member too; he's now resolv'd he will not, *for that end*, Reside with his Family here.

P. Alas, poor Gentleman! I believe this Air does not agree with him; I thought he look'd very pale and disconsolate when I saw him pull off his Hat, and make a low Bow to the blind Beggar that Poll'd for him: And I remember he told us when we chose him Sh—ff, *He could not lie one Night in this filthy Town for all the World*:

H. Ay, that Office does not stick right upon his Stomach to this day; for tho' he was a Man of a calm Temper and great Moderation, yet the Curfes of his vile Officers, for want of their Pinch-gut Money, may bring a Qualm over his Stomach; for they say, that pinch-gut Money is become so fashionable, that they have had nothing to stick by their Ribs ever since, except some few *Green Grains* of Allowance, after two or three Miles walk in a Morning, to fetch one of the chief Officers of the City into it.

P. Psha! What is it to us whether they have Grains or no Grains? They De—lar'd, right or wrong, for us, according to their Promise: And indeed, Sir *Parlefs* was very much our Friend. I hope he'll succeed Sir *Nump*.

H. No, instead of that, his hearty Zeal for us and our Cause, they tell me has so less'n'd his Interest, that he won't have Credit to be return'd a Common-C—l-man.

P. But I hear our worthy Friend is taken with a strange violent Loosness; and indeed, he has had strange Pills to work on him of late.

H. I believe that may be true, for I have observ'd his Emissaries are gathering up all his printed Papers, that he may make use of them for that purpose, tho' they cost him so much Money to clear himself of *Cornish's* Death, and to persuade the World he is very rich, and what Taxes he pays.

P. Pray Heav'ns they may carry him none of *R—W—r's* Papers, they'll gall and blister his Posteriors desperately. But there is one Paper that has the Names of a many great Citizens, I hope he won't use that so too; for I my self thought them *horrid* Monsters, till t'other day I happen'd to read over *Cornish's* Trial, that truly made me scratch my Ears, and had he not been one of our Party, I should not have known what to have thought on't; but if we could catch one of those High-flying Rogues in such a Noose, he should swing, ay swingingly too.

But, Brother *Harris*, I saw one of the first-rate Gentlemen of that List sit in a great two-elbow Chair, about two Years ago, and, I remember, we all had our Eyes close upon him all the while; but he got out again, without being so civil as to let us have one Lash at him: Adad, if he had, we'd have whipt him about the Pig-Market.

H. I'm afraid we shall be serv'd so by this too, notwithstanding all the Cost and Labour we have been at in a full Cabal, to print his Character.

P. All this Parly signifies nothing to us; our Election is lost, 'tis there we're undone; we were us'd to be fam'd Sheriff-makers, we were the *Vox Populi* of the Godly Party in all Publick Matters; but now truly our Trade is taken out of our Hands by some new up-start Interlopers.

H. Pray, who are they? Are they of our Church?

P. No, no, its no matter for that, they are of our Party, and endeavour to out-do us in Zeal; they envy and rail at the firm Adherers to the Establish'd Church of *England*, and take all methods to prefer, esteem, and support the Members and Principles of the Tolerated Church; so that they aim and hope in little time to be of us, and wholly extirpate that which now they pretend to profess.

H. Prithee

H. Prithee let me know some of these.

P. Why there's one Coll. *Clyster-pipe*, against the two timing *Loggerheads*, hard by the *Rooks-nests*; you know him, he was Chairman of our Committee of 200 *grave and sober Citizens who took it into their serious Considerations, occasionally to set up the modest and moderate Gentleman* we have lost, but won't Swear like him, for this Colonel Swears only by *Bell and the Dragon*.

H. Nay, if he be a Colonel, you must have a care what you say, for he may be a Fighting Man.

P. No, no, he never was taken for a fighting Man; but if he should be so, he takes no aim, for all his Powder and Ball flies backward.

H. Well, Brother *Patsil*, he's a goodly Man, I would by no means lose him.

P. I wish you have not spoke too late; for as I was coming from *Dick's Coffee-house* the other day, I saw the Colonel hanging down his Head in a very dejected posture, as if he had some ill design upon himself; and I fear it will prove so: For as I pass'd a little further, I saw a smiling Cherubim stand at his Door with a lighted Torch in his hand; I ask'd him who he look'd for? and he told me Colonel *Clysterpipe* had just hang'd himself for the loss of the Election, and he expected him in his *ROOM* presently: So he bid me be gone, for he must needs be civil to him, because such Church-men as he did more service to the Dissenting-Party, then all his Anabaptist-teachers could.

H. I wish our lost Member may not sympathize in his Fate so much, as to take the same steps to that *Room*. But are there no more of these?

P. Yes, there are some of the Bench coming over to us against the next Election; and there are several of the new Sett of Fighting Men all of a piece, from a Colonel to a Rag.

But there is a *Clyster-pipe* Whipster too, that Poll'd right; he's e'en almost come over, tho' he was once a rank Tory; he is a Man of Authority, he can grease the Fat and squeeze the Lean, and Stock-job the blue Doublets; he knows which side his Bread is butter'd on, there's none of our Party will serve God for nothing.

H. Oh, prethee let's hug him.

P. No, you're mistaken in him, you must Cringe, Fawn and Worship him.

So, Brother *Harris*, as I was going up *Ludgate-hill*, I met an old Acquaintance that is now a *Fleeter*; I ask'd him what News? and he answered, with a deep Sigh, the Poll was over, and our Friend had lost all his Hopes, and our unwearied struggles for him were abortive.

H. How came he to be known among the *Fleeters*?

P. I ask'd him that question; and he told me that good Gentleman was so kind as to make the *Vigil* and in a fine learned Speech, told them, *If they that were Livery-Men among them would give their Votes to make him a Law-maker, he would procure a gracious Law to discharge them and set them all at Liberty, and so entertain'd them very splendidly with Bread and Cheese, and good Liquor.* Whereupon, my Friend told him they, each Man, would pawn his Coat for 5 s. to pay for a days Rule, if he would procure them such a deliverance.

H. But what thinks he now of it?

P. He is now quite out of Heart; he says, If that goodly Sir had done that for them, he is now in a better ability to begin the World again, than ever he was; having already been discharg'd by Four Acts of Grace; but since it so happens, must now content himself with consuming the Spoils of other Mens Substance, in *Burton-Ale* and *Punch*, so long as he lives.

H. Come *Courage*, Brother *Patsil*, there's Life in a Muscle; you know we have a Scrutiny for't yet, and I warrant we shall find all the *Papists* and *Jacobite* Priests in Town have Poll'd against us.

P. Aye, they were heavenly Men that demanded it; but I'm afraid that *Pippen* in the *Posset* will prove a *Choak-Pear*; however, 'twas fortunate to us our Friend *Tracy* was not hang'd in the *West*, among *Monmouth's* good People.

H. Well, Brother *Patsil*, I have had no Sleep since this Election began; but have wore the Marrow out of my Bones and my Purse too, my Creditors well know; therefore since these and many other such Church-Whigs will take our Trade and our Business out of our Hands, let us go to Bed and leave them to the Devil and their own Inventions; and may they hereafter be the *CATS-FOOT* for all our *Seditions* and *Rebellious Clubs* we have been so long *Tools* to.

Handwritten notes and numbers at the bottom of the page, including:

- 115
- 116
- 117
- 118
- 119
- 120
- 121
- 122
- 123
- 124
- 125
- 126
- 127
- 128
- 129
- 130
- 131
- 132
- 133
- 134
- 135
- 136
- 137
- 138
- 139
- 140
- 141
- 142
- 143
- 144
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- 148
- 149
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- 198
- 199
- 200